# A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, November 4. 1707.

THis Paper, if my Gueſs hit right, ſhall come out on the *4th* of *November*, a Day famous in the Chronicles of *Britain*, and will be ſo to the End of Time. A Day dedicate to great Actions, and ſacred in all the Undertakings I ſhall ever ſet my Hand to, or all the Works I ſhall go about; a Day ſet apart by me to celebrate the Immortal Memory of King *William*.

A Day famous upon various Accounts, and every one of them dear to every honeſt *Britain*, that loves his Country, that values the Proteſtant Intereſt, or that has any Share of Averſion to Tyranny and Oppreſſion.

On this Day he was born, on this Day he was marry'd to the Daughter of *England*, a Lady that honour'd our Country, and that engaged the Value and Eſteem of all the Lovers of Vertue and Piety in the World—— On this Day he marry'd our Heir, and on this Day he marry'd the Nation; ſhe had been raviſhed by the Force of Tyrants, and deflowered by the Luſts of a Race of Monſters, call'd *High Flyers*; ſhe lay expoſed to their Rage, and they glutted their inſatiate Appetites upon her Chaſtity and Honour, I mean her Liberty and Laws.

They rifled her of all her Charms, and forced her to ſubmit to their abhorr'd Embraces; they proſtituted her Perſon, and inſulted her Fame, not contenting themſelves with ſtripping her of all her Ornaments, and diveſting her of the glorious Luſtre of her Free-born Chaſtity; they murthered her Reputation, and ſtrove to expoſe her as a Proſtitute of her ſelf; a thouſand Villanies they practiſed upon her, a thouſand Indignities they put upon her, till having in vain ſtruggled with her cruel Raviſhers, and having nothing left but Prayers and Tears, ſhe caſt up her Eyes to Heaven, who immediately heard her Prayers, rouſed up the glorious Inſtrument of his Vengeance, the Immortal

mortal *William*; and putting a Cup of Trembling into the Hands of the insulting Enemies of *Britannia*'s Peace; they fled before him like Darkness before the Sun, like Clouds before a *South* Wind, or like Guilt before the Sword of Justice.

'Twas on this Day he rescued the injured Virgin from the Lusts and Brutality of Tyrants and inhuman Ravishers: on this Day he landed and laid the Foundation of all the Blessings we enjoy.

To the Consequences of this Glorious Day we owe our Liberty, our Religion, our Peace, our Property, our Lives, our Children, our All in this World.

The Dispute about Church and Dissenter, Occational Conformity or Tolleration, Church of *England* or Presbyterian had been over long since; we had been this Day all one Mass of collected Popery---You might have been all under one Denomination, as Dissenters, and to be Protestants and Confessors had been the same thing———You might have ceased your Debates about Tolleration, and contented your selves with the Crown of Martyrdom, if you could have stood the fiery Trial.

Parties had been effectually suppress'd long ago, had not this Day and this Prince appeared; Tyranny and Idolatry had reconciled you all, Papist and Protestant had included all your Denominations, and you would have found other Work, than have gone together by the Ears about Habits and Ceremonies, Presbytery and Episcopacy, Infant Baptisms and Adult Baptisms; Fire and Faggot would have reconciled you all, and you would have shaken Hands in your Affliction, that are now cutting one anothers Throats in your Prosperity.

This very Day were we rescued from all this, and King *William* set his Foot against implacable and inveterate Tyranny; this Day his Star appear'd in the *West*, and made the Hearts of *England* glad; ye rejoyce just as the *Israelites* did, when they landed safe thro' that stupendious March in the Bottom of the Ocean; *William* divided the Waves, the Waters fled, Tyranny stook and fled one way, Popery stagnate and amaz'd, drew back in Heaps another way, and not a Dog opened his Month against him.

How fled the Mighty in his Strength, and the brave Man in his Valour! Where were the Thousands and the ten Thousands that arm'd themselves for the Battle, Fearfulness took hold of them, Amazement seized them, they fled when none pursued, two Men might chase a Thousand of them, and Ten put ten Thousand of them to Flight! Where are you, ye Sons of Murmur and Faction! Who saw this Day, and sang his Praise, but soon forgot his Works! Was it not like a Dream! Did you not stand amaz'd at the mighty Work, and lifting up your Eyes to Heaven, did you not cry out, *O the Wonders of the Revolution*!

But you have have shut your Eyes to your Conviction, you have harden'd your Hearts against the Sence of antient Days, you eat Honey of the Revolution, but turn the Sting against the laborious Bee that wrought it; Blindness from Heaven has seiz'd you, and the Judgment has this remarkable Token in it, of its Coming from Heaven, that you are past Reasoning, past Convictions, past the Efficiency of Demonstrations; to you I am not yet talking, I shall give you a Farewel presently.

But I am speaking to those, to whom his Memory is pretious, who retain a grateful Sence both of GOD's Goodness in raising him up, and sending him to our Deliverance, and his joyful, willing, hearty, pressing himself to the Work; You that remember, how happy, how glorious, how lov'd, how fear'd, how pleasant, how plentiful he liv'd in Peace and Wealth, and all that was soft and easie; and how at our Entreaty he forsook all this, and rush'd into Storms, Wars, Battles, Sieges, Noise, Hurry, Blood and Misery; how he struggled with powerful Enemies, false and ungrateful Friends, insulting Parties, and an unthankful Nation.

I cannot but remind you, that this is the Day on which our Deliverance from the Powers of Tyranny, *which is Hell*, was begun, and when he began the greatest Enterprize that ever was undertaken in the World. I cannot but remind you what it is you celebrate, when you keep this Day, and what it is you rejoyce for; that you may justifie as well as convey your Joy to Posterity, and that we may tell our Sons, why we reproach those Wretches with Ingratitude that forget it.

To this Day we date back our present Liberty, and the Sovereignty of the Laws being recognized by the Crown to the Honour of just Government, and the detecting those preposterous Systems of Government, who think, GOD made Nations for the Lusts of Tyrants.

To this Day we owe the Freedom and Efficacy of Parliamentary Authority, which is under GOD the Bais and Buttress of the *English* Constitution and is every Day growing up to be the Terror of the World.

To this Day we owe the Glorious Reign of the best Queen that ever govern'd us; who,

King

King *William* having eſtabliſhed the Crown on her Head, has put the finiſhing Stroke to the Proteſtant Succeſſion, and given all ſucceeding Ages the ſatisfying Proſpect of Safety and Glory, in Government and Obedience.

To this Day we owe the ceaſing our fatal Quarrels about Religious Matters, and filing the Teeth of that Dragon of the Dungeon, called Perſecution; King *William* having chain'd up that Monſter with the indiſſolvible Fetters of a Legal Toleration.

To this Day we owe the Delivering this Nation from foreign Influence, from having *French* Spies in the Royal Councils, *French* Whores in the Royal Bed, *French* Prieſts in the Royal Chapel, and *French* Fingers in the Royal Treaſure.

Again, Gentlemen, let me put you in mind, Heaven has not forgot to honour this Day, tho, the glorious Object of our Commemoration, was by wicked and ungrateful Hands, murthered and ſlain.

On this very Day, the mighty Tranſaction of the Union was Voted that bleſſed Article of our future Peace, which was ſo ignorantly, and ſo wickedly oppos'd, ſo Speech-Bully'd, ſo Pamphlet-Bully'd, ſo Banter'd, ſo Mob'd, and ſo Curs'd, and for which your humble Servant has been heartily curs'd; alſo paſs'd this Day its fiery Tryal.

On this Day, the firſt Article of the Treaty came upon the Stage, and the mighty Queſtion paſt in the Houſe, *viz.* Whether there ſhould be a Union or no.———Here the Peace of *Britain* paſt the Teſt, and the Friends of Peace paſt the Rubicon.

It was a Cordial to the ſinking Spirits of all *Great Britain*'s Friends, that obſerv'd it to remark the Preſage; and for my part, I no more doubted its Concluſion, after I ſaw its Connexion, with the beginning of Action, ſo great, ſo glorious, and ſo particularly proſperous to *Britain*.

'Tis true, God's Providence is not reſtrain'd to Days, but he is pleas'd ſometimes to link the Proſperous and the Unhappy Events of humane Actions, down to their reſpective Periods of Time, and to ſelect Moments, as if he thereby expected we ſhould obſerve the Coherence of ſome ſecret Hand in their Circumſtances as well as Events.

Have all theſe great Things been directed by Heaven to meet on the Conjuncture of this Day, and ſhall we make no Remark upon it? What if it ſhall only ſignifie to us, that the Work which ſhall generally be begun on this Day, ſhould have an Influence on us to remind us of what has already been, and make us remember the Day, as *Moſes* to the *Iſraelites* in the Day of their coming out of *Egypt*; Exod. 13. 3. *Remember this Day in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the Houſe of Bondage.* And again, ver. 4. *THIS DAY came ye out in the Month* Abid. Again, Exod. 12. 41. *And it came to paſs, at the End of* 430 *Years, even the* SELF SAME DAY, *the Hoſt of the Lord went out from the Land of Egypt*, ver. 13. It is a Night to be *much obſerv'd* unto the Lord for bringing them out from the Land of *Egypt*. This is THAT NIGHT of the Lord to be obſerv'd of all the Children of *Iſrael* in their Generations.

I think here is ſufficient Authority for me to celebrate this Day, and while I live I ſhall never fail it; This is THAT NIGHT of the Lord to be obſerv'd of all the People of *Britain* in all their Generations: For *on this Day*, the ſelf ſame Day, the Lord brought us out of the Houſe of Bondage, a Bondage worſe than that of *Egypt*; a Bondage worſe than that of making Brick without Straw; a Bondage of Soul-Tyranny as well as Body-Servitude; a Bondage of complicated Miſchiefs; a Slavery of a Degree inexpreſſible, high-flying, exaſperated, implacable Tyranny; a Bondage to the ungovern'd Ambition and raging Luſt of a Generation ſet on fire with the helliſh Inflammations of Pride, Avarice, Cruelty and Blood.

This is THAT DAY, when God, with a high Hand, overwhelm'd the Horſe and his Rider, and drowned the Hoſt of Our *Pharaoh* in the Sea of their Own confuſed Councils, and deliver'd his People by revolution Miracles; O the Wonder of Revolution-Liberty!

And can you forget this Day! Who are you that can call your ſelves Engliſh-men, and can forget this Day? that can enjoy the Deliverance, and can forget either the Time or the Man?

Now my Bleſſing on you all that commemorate this Day, nay, tho' it be but by the modern Commemoration of the Bottle, that ſhall meet this Night, and take a temporate Glaſs to the immortal Memory of K. *William*; that drink a Health to all that love his Name, that value his Memory, and that are thankful for the good Things we enjoy on the Foot of his Undertaking: May every Glaſs be Phyſick to your Diſtemper, a Cordial to your Spirits, a Reviving to your Thoughts; and may the very Liquor have ſomething myſtically ſanative in it to your very Principles, to keep them ſound, laſting, communicative, and faithful to the great Articles of our Deliverance wrought by him, that you may for ever be kept faithful and zealous, like him the great and eternal Lover of *Truth* and *Liberty*; thoſe Founda-

tion,